Don't Want You Worried Bout a Thing

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Don't Want You Worried Bout a Thing

by sourweather

Summary

Hannibal has been putting Will into Subspace for their therapy. An unfortunate interruption brings some things to light. Sequel to 'I'll Take Care of You'

Notes

Thanks to everyone who read I'll Take Care Of You but special shout out to cmsprite79, kinkylittlered, and AngelOfTheDawn08 for asking for a sequel in their comments, as well as an anon on Tumblr! I wasn't expecting the original to get so much love, so thank you hehe <3 I do have an idea for an eventual part 3 tho I'm not sure when I'll get to it. Anyway, enjoy!

See the end of the work for more notes

Hannibal sighs to himself, enjoying the silence. He's always appreciated quiet, a chance to be alone with his thoughts. To divorce himself from distractions, take a breath, recenter.

Ordinarily, he views silence as something stillborn. Built from absence, like a monument to a God never worshipped. The only product of something that isn't, wasn't, won't be. In moments like this, though, he is able to connect with a new sort of silence. One that lives and breathes, that gives and *gives,* bottomless, with Hannibal as the sole recipient.

He smiles, looking down, and thanks his silence.

His fingers run through dark curls, massaging at the scalp beneath tenderly. Will's lashes flutter, a small but blissful sound rising up his throat. The muffled sound vibrates around Hannibal's cock, and he groans in answer. They've been like this for at least an hour, now. Calm. Still. Silent, for the most part. The only interruption is when Hannibal speaks, muttering gentle praise and compliments to the drifting mind at his feet.

He continues to stroke Will's hair, taking in the sight of him. He always looks so beautiful in this state. His eyes are the most striking difference- glassy and far away. So very blue. So very *empty.* Not a single thought in his mind. He's deep, very deep. Sitting like this, ever so gently suckling at Hannibal's cock- it puts him under so easily. Almost instantaneous, now that he's grown more accustomed to the drop. Beautiful.

It was only a matter of time before Will came back for more, in Hannibal's eyes. He'd taken to it so well the first time- nervous, of course, but so very eager to please. So receptive to everything Hannibal offered. Still, Will is a stubborn person, so he was prepared to wait quite a while for the other man to admit he needed to be dropped again. Until he was on the verge of falling apart once more, most likely.

Imagine his surprise when a mere two weeks later, at the beginning of what was meant to be a perfectly ordinary session, Will sank to his knees.

He'd knelt with his head bowed, avoiding eye contact and blushing fiercely.

"I...I want you to put me under again," he'd said. "I can't stop thinking about it. I-" he swallowed, fists clenching at his sides.

"I need it, Hannibal. Please."

He required no further persuasion. He wasted no time in giving Will *exactly* what he needed.

They'd fallen into a routine, now. Will is Hannibal's last appointment of the evening, so they simply doubled his usual session time. At Will's request, the first hour is now dedicated to his Submissive State. They talk for a few minutes, going through the proverbial motions: Checking if Will has anything in particular he wants or doesn't want that week, making sure he's calm and comfortable. And then Will Graham's mind is in Hannibal's hands.

The level of trust involved is not lost on him. He's well aware of how much power he holds in moments like this, how easy it would be to completely destroy him from the inside out. It

fuels him with an almost animal need to Protect. To Care.

Anticipating Will's needs is a large part of it. Oftentimes he isn't sure what will settle his nerves most effectively, and it is up to Hannibal to solve the issue. Some weeks, Will requires a firm hand. When the stress makes him irritable, short-tempered- the best thing for him is an outlet for that tension. Hannibal fucks him hard and fast once he's under, his hands either wrapped around his throat or fisted in his curls, and Will feels calmer afterwards. Other weeks, when he's jittery and restless, Hannibal makes an effort to give him as many orgasms as possible. He takes that beautifully, weeping with overstimulation and thighs clenching with the resisted need to hide away. He takes it all so very beautifully.

And some weeks, he needs this. It's simple, but it seems to quiet his mind like nothing else can. Will's mind is always emptier in his Submissive State, but after an hour of warming Hannibal's cock he barely seems to recall where he is.

Regardless of what he needs, after Will is sated and relaxed, their real session can begin. Hannibal waits until Will starts talking of his own accord, praising and petting him until the other man returns to his skin. And then they talk, about whatever Will wants to talk about. His current case, when he feels sufficiently comfortable discussing those things. Recently though, their conversations have adopted different topics.

Will likes to be held while they talk. Hannibal always complies. He's so *vulnerable* during their sessions- so open, so fragile. It's Will's choice, Hannibal often has to remind himself that it is all Will's choice. Hannibal had suggested talking first and putting him under after, but Will insisted that they do it in this order. *'I'll get more out of it like this. You want me to get the most out of my therapy, don't you Doctor?'*

Still, Hannibal hadn't been prepared for how dramatically their conversations changed. Will holds him close, forehead on Hannibal's shoulder, and speaks. About his childhood, his father, his fears. He tells Hannibal everything there is to know, things he suspects the other man has never told a single soul. It seems to benefit him greatly, if his recent disposition is any indicator. Will is still his usual self, the work still weighs on him, but he seems more prepared to shoulder that weight now that he regularly sets it aside.

Hannibal glances at the clock. Eight forty-five. This is cutting into their session time. He should really bring it to a close, pull Will into his lap and reward him for sitting so still so that they can transition into their usual conversation. And yet.

He truly does look breathtaking like this. Suspended, sunken. Nothing in the world bothers him here. He's content, in a way that seems so difficult for him to achieve in his daily life. Hannibal strokes his cheek indulgently, and speaks for the first time in quite a while, breaking the silence.

"You're doing so well, Will. I'm so pleased with you."

The shiver that rolls up his spine is visible. His tongue massages the underside of his cock, a high-pitched whimper serving as his answer.

"I love doing this for you. Making you feel so good."

Will's shoulders sag. He takes Hannibal's cock a bit deeper, throat barely reacting to the new length.
Hannibal smiles to himself. "You do feel good, don't you?" he asks, guiding Will to take more until his nose is pressed to his pubic hair, now damp with Will's saliva.

Will moans as much as he can, nodding minutely.

"Perfect," he mutters, because it's true. "My perfect, beautiful boy."

He runs a thumb across Will's cheek and finds a damp track where an errant tear must've fallen. In truth, Hannibal often feels like he falls into these sessions every bit as much as Will does. Rising as Will falls, opposite and equal. It's enthralling.

A fantasy makes itself known, one that he replays frequently as of late. A fantasy in which he lowers Will so deeply that he won't think to protest as Hannibal guides him away from this place. Away from the FBI, away from the Chesapeake Ripper, away from everything that weighs Will down. He imagines Will drifting on a flight to some far-off place. He'd be furious when he became lucid, of course. Completely enraged that Hannibal had taken advantage of him in such a state. But he would realize, in time. He would become aware of how much happier he was, miles away from the stress of obligation. Liberated, the way only Hannibal knows to liberate him. He'd realize that he could thrive, without a care in the world. And eventually Will would thank him.

"I wish I could make you feel like this forever, Will," he sighs, lifting his hips to grind into Will's pliant throat. "I'd care for you, give you everything you need. You deserve it."

Will reaches up, clutches at the fabric of his slacks.

There's a heavy knock at the office door. Both men freeze.

Will is his final appointment for the evening. No one else should be here until Monday morning. Why on earth is someone here, now?

Big blue eyes flick up to look at him, or at least in his general direction. His pupils are blown, wide and completely unfocused. His brows furrow a fraction. Hannibal pets his curls, smiling softly. Whoever it is can wait until Monday.

Another knock, much harder this time. Will blinks. Hannibal sighs sharply, fully prepared to tear apart this rude interruption.

Will whines when Hannibal gently guides him backwards, his cock slipping out of spit-slick lips. He shushes him, running a thumb across his lower lip.

"Easy, darling. You've done beautifully. I'd like you to stay here for me now, while I send away our visitor. Can you do that for me, lovely boy?"

Will nods, Botticelli curls bouncing with his enthusiasm. He responds well to being given tasks, even difficult ones. Always does his very best to carry them out, unless he's in

desperate need of firmer guidance. Truly the dream of any Dominant Persona. Hannibal smiles.

"Excellent. Good boy. And when I return, I believe you're well overdue for a reward."

Will straightens his posture at that, clasping his hands behind his back obediently. So eager. Adorable.

He wipes Will's drool from his pubic area with a soft cloth that he keeps nearby for cleanup, tucks himself into his pants and hopes that the intruder doesn't notice his half-hard cock. The person outside pounds at the door once more. Hannibal ruffles Will's hair as he passes, making his boy giggle softly. "Stay there," he reiterates, though he knows by now that Will doesn't need to be told anything twice.

Hannibal has never been so thoroughly displeased to see Jack Crawford. He does very little to disguise this fact.

"Agent Crawford. You should know by now that I'm not to be disturbed when this door is closed."

"Sorry, Doctor, but I'm afraid it's urgent," he says, though he looks neither afraid nor sorry.

Jack moves to enter, but Hannibal is blocking the entrance, holding the door resolutely half-closed. "I'm sure it can wait until we're finished."

Jack narrows his eyes. "The Jeweler struck again, I need Will at the crime scene."

Ah, the Jeweler. An artless killer who only caught fame because of his rather expensive gimmick of leaving gemstones inside of his victims. Hannibal hardens his face, allowing a fraction of the fire to escape his eyes. "Will is in the midst of a session at the moment. You'll have to wait," he says, more firmly than the last time.

He refuses to budge a millimeter from this spot. Will can't be seen like this- his state of undress nowhere near the most pressing of Hannibal's worries. Will is *helpless* in this headspace. Hannibal won't let a soul near him until he's surfaced and comfortable.

"Your session is running long," Jack observes.

Hannibal shakes his head slightly. "We decided it was best to extend his session time. It ends at nine-thirty now. You can come back in-" He glances at his watch. "Thirty-five minutes, and speak with Will then." It's still less time than Hannibal would like, but he's willing to compromise.

Jack's irritation is rising to the surface. "Why don't you let Will decide for *himself* whether he'd prefer to have the crime scene fresh or not?" He says, stepping closer to the doorway. Hannibal does not move.

"Because he is in a very suggestive state at the moment," he answers cooly. "He'll be of no use to you right now, either way. The best thing you can do for Will and for your investigation is let me finish our session and bring him back to his usual frame of mind."

" 'Suggestive state'? What do you mean?"

Hannibal falters, takes half a breath to choose his words. "He's vulnerable, mentally speaking, after therapy. It would be irresponsible of me to send him out without time to decompress- he could completely unravel the moment he smells blood on the air." It's true. If anything Hannibal is downplaying how detrimental it would be. He isn't entirely sure what would happen if Will were to see a dead body while he's still halfway in Subspace, but it couldn't possibly end in anything other than disaster.

Jack sighs heavily. "Fine. Take five minutes. 'Decompress' him, so he can work."

Oh, what Hannibal would give to stab this man. Serve him up for Will's dinner. Rare. "His session doesn't end until-"

"This is beginning to resemble Obstruction of Justice, Doctor Lecter," Jack says, and his stare would be enough to shake a lesser man.

Hannibal is not a lesser man. "Come now, Jack. You can't possibly be serious."

"The Jeweler has killed five people, and we don't have shit on him yet. You want to find out how serious I am?"

Hannibal stills his tongue before a threat can roll from it.

"Ten minutes," he says through tight lips. "Give him ten minutes, before you drag him off to make him perform for you again."

Hannibal doesn't wait for an answer. He shuts the door, takes a breath. Forces his blood to cool.

If Will was listening, it doesn't show. He's still kneeling behind Hannibal's desk, shoulders straight, where Hannibal left him. His heart breaks. This will be very unpleasant, for both of them.

He cards his fingers back into Will's hair and the other man absolutely melts, leaning into the touch and humming happily. "Hello, sweet boy," he says, smiling despite the circumstances. "Thank you for waiting, you did very well."

Will preens at the praise, blissfully unaware that Hannibal is about to throw him to the wolves. He hesitates.

They'll have to discuss this, soon. How Hannibal should act if something like this happens again. Every fibre of his being is screaming for him to tell Jack to just leave. To let Will relax, for just one day a week, let him *breathe,* for God's Sake. It feels inhumane, making this choice for Will. He hates feeling like he's complicit, accessory. But Hannibal suspects that, were Will currently lucid, he would choose potentially saving a life over getting to surface more gradually. He would likely be livid, if Hannibal sent Jack away.

So he sighs, gathers Will into his arms, and sets him down on the chaise. He uses the cloth to clean the drool from Will's face before cupping the other man's cheeks with both hands,

grounding him with sensation.

"Will," he calls, firm but not unkind. "Will, look at me."

Will complies with slight difficulty, gazing at him with those gorgeous glassy eyes. Oh, he's so deep. Surely, Jack could wait-

"You need to come back up now, sweet boy."

Will frowns. He knows the routine, isn't used to deviation. The predictability of their sessions is grounding, something that Hannibal is very careful about, so that Will never need feel anxious. He knows that it isn't time to surface yet, that neither of them have orgasmed and that Hannibal always makes sure Will is satisfied by the end of their sessions.

"It's alright," he soothes, pressing a reassuring kiss to Will's forehead. "Everything is alright, but I need to help you surface now. Will you let me do that, love?"

Will shakes his head and Hannibal sighs. "Come now, don't be stubborn." He kisses Will's temple, releasing his face to rub feeling back into his arms. "You like being good for me, don't you? Be good."

He moves to grab Will's clothes. They're surprisingly effective, in making these transitions. Hannibal noticed it the first time they tried this, how Will seemed to surface so smoothly when given the chance to dress. He drops much easier when naked, as well.

"I'm going to help you get dressed, Will," he says, settling in front of him. "Just let me-"

Hannibal freezes in place. Will- his dear, sweet, perfect Will Graham- is crying. Hot tears falling from those big blue eyes, rolling down his cheeks. His lower lip trembles when he speaks.

"Did...did I do something bad?"

Oh, Jack Crawford's days are **numbered.**

Hannibal reaches up and begins wiping his tears away. "Darling, no, of course you haven't." He kisses each of Will's cheeks, soothing his flushing skin with warm affection. "You were *perfect,* you always are. Please don't cry."

Will hiccups, giving him a tearful smile. "Really?"

He brings their foreheads together. "Yes, Will. I promise. You're always, always wonderful for me."

"Okay," he manages, sniffling a little. He nuzzles his nose against Hannibal's before kissing it tenderly.

Hannibal leans away, picking up Will's shirt. "Let's get dressed, alright? I'll help you."

Will nods, holding out his arms so that Hannibal can pull the sleeves on and start fastening the buttons. "Why?" he asks.

"Because you need to leave soon."

He frowns again. "I wanna stay."

Hannibal sighs to himself. He hates this more than words can say. "You know that I would let you stay if I could, but you're needed elsewhere."

Will helps him put his pants on begrudgingly. "Where am I goin'?"

Hannibal licks his lips, focusing on putting Will's shoes on. He won't like this. At least he's holding a conversation. That's a good sign.

"Jack Crawford is here, Will. He wants you to look at a new crime scene for him."

Will's hands move to tug at his sleeves, nervously fidgeting with the cuffs of his flannel. "I don't wanna do that."

He doesn't have the heart to respond.

"Make him go away, Hannibal. Please?"

He bites the inside of his cheek, trying to contain the need to Protect.

Will grabs Hannibal's sleeve, pulling at it insistently. "Stop ignoring me!"

The very next moment, Hannibal has his arms folded around Will in a tight embrace. He brings his hand to his boy's nape, pressing Will's face to rest against his shoulder. "I'm sorry, darling. My wonderful, incredible boy. I won't let this happen again, I promise."

Will clutches at the front of his jacket, rubbing his stubbled cheek against his neck.

"Can you ever forgive me, Will?"

Will sighs, leaning his weight against Hannibal. After a moment, he nods.

Hannibal leans back just enough to kiss his cheek. "Thank you."

Another knock sounds. Hannibal gives Will a once-over, combing through his curls with his fingers and adjusting his collar. "Look at me, Will."

Will looks at him. Still not quite clear, but far better than before. Hannibal smiles reassuringly.

"You are going to be alright," he says, and thanks any God listening that he manages to sound confident. "You're so brave, do you know that? I'm so very proud of you."
Will looks uncertain, but he musters up an answering smile. The tears have stopped.

When he opens the door, he sets his eyes on Jack with no shortage of venom.

"I've done what I can, but Will is still *very* fragile." He lifts his chin, staring daggers at the other man. "You will not rush or harass him. You will speak to him in short, simple sentences. You will not allow him to drive or leave him alone with any strangers. You will be patient with him if he becomes distressed. And you will **apologize** to him, for interrupting his session. Is that clear?"

Jack seems at a loss for words for just a moment before he says "Of course, Doctor."

Hannibal nods curtly and leads him inside. Will is sitting on the chaise, arms folded across his chest and frowning at the floor.

"Hello, Will," Jack says awkwardly.

"Hi," Will mumbles, not bothering to look at him. Hannibal fights the impulse to smile. Such a petulant little thing, when he doesn't get his way.

Jack casts a glance at Hannibal and clears his throat. "I'm uh, sorry for interrupting you, but I need you to come with me."

Will nods.

"It's the Jeweler. He killed two women tonight, and I need you to come to the scene and help us out."

Will reaches up, rubs anxiously at the back of his neck.

"Can you...do that, Will?" Jack prods.

He looks up at Hannibal. Nods again. "Yeah. I can do it."

"Good."

The praise leaves Hannibal's mouth before he can stop it, though he thankfully catches his tongue before the 'boy' can escape. Still, the effect is obvious. Will relaxes a little, looks a bit less lost.

Jack looks satisfied. "Alright, we don't want to waste any time. I'll drive you, since you're still...out of it." He narrows his eyes. "You think you'll be feeling back to normal by the time we get there?"

Will shrugs, standing. "Maybe. I dunno." His eyes land back on Hannibal. "I'll do my best, though."

Hannibal smiles in approval, maintains his reassuring air until Will and Jack leave.

The moment they've left, Hannibal sinks into his desk chair and groans in frustration. In all his years of violence and artistry, of lies and facades- nothing has tested his resolve quite like that. All he can do now is pray that he made the right decision.

He pulls out his phone and sends a text to Will.

[Let me know when you're finished. I can come to Wolf Trap and assist you with anything else you might need.]

It isn't quite what he wants to say, but they're always careful not to say anything suspect in their written correspondence.

[Or I could come over tomorrow, if you're tired.]

...

Hannibal checks his phone obsessively all evening. Waiting, hoping that Will may respond. That he may say 'Yes, I'm here, come make this all go away'.

It's midnight, now. He's heard nothing. Surely they aren't still at the crime scene, are they?

[Will, please let me know if you're alright.]

Another five minutes of silence tick by. It's the wrong sort of silence, makes him feel nervous. He needs Will near again, for Will to make the silence feel whole again.

[I'm worried for you. Please.]

At twelve-fifteen, Hannibal decides that he can no longer bear it. He throws on his coat, grabs his car keys, and heads out the front door.

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Will's car is parked outside. Jack must've dropped him off back at Hannibal's office after they were finished at the scene. He curses himself for going home after they left, for not being there when Will returned. He hesitates briefly before knocking on the door, but he can hear the chorus of barking dogs through the door. Will is surely awake already.

Hannibal almost melts with relief when Will answers, looking exhausted and disheveled but very clearly okay. He's still fully dressed, so either he hasn't felt tired enough to lie down or he was so tired that he fell immediately into bed. Hannibal would believe either option.

"Will-"

"Go away, Doctor Lecter."

Hannibal struggles to avoid physically recoiling. It's been some time since Will called him 'Doctor Lecter' when they were alone together. It feels cold. Alienating.

"Will, I'm so sorry about earlier."

"It's fine." His sentences are clipped. He's tense. He has every right to be.

"I wasn't sure what to do, I didn't know what you would need-"

Will holds up a hand. "I said it's fine, okay? You made the right call. It was fucking *miserable,* but you made the right call. I need to sleep. Please go home."

Hannibal steps closer, near the door and the warmth inside. He almost wants to beg Will not to send him away. "You're frustrated, I understand that. I can't imagine how stressful this whole affair has been for you."

He reaches out with the intention of caressing Will's face. "I can help you rest, if you'd like."

Will pulls away, moving out of reach. "I'm not going to tell you again, Doctor Lecter. Leave."

Hannibal feels suddenly frantic. He's being unmoored, he wants to clutch for stability. "Please, my sweet boy-"

"I'm not your fucking **boy!"**

The silence that follows is the worst type of silence Hannibal's ever known. Like the quiet following a slaughter. Something that may have lived at one time, but that time is rapidly slipping through his fingers.

Hannibal swallows the blind despair rising in his throat. "I'm sorry," he whispers. This is all his fault, he should never have put Will in that position. Will, *his* Will, who he was meant to be protecting- caring for. How could he do such a thing?

Will sighs, drags a hand along his face. He turns into the house, leaving the door cracked open. Hannibal takes the gesture as an invitation and follows him inside.

"I know you're just trying to help me," Will says, leaning against his kitchen counter. "But I've decided that we should stop all of the more...intimate parts of my treatment. I don't think it's good for me."

Hannibal frowns, stopping a few paces away from him. "I don't mean to argue with you about your own mind, but that doesn't seem to be the case from my perspective. Your stress levels have decreased dramatically since I started putting you under. Your sleeping habits have improved, you're more relaxed- you seem much happier in general. What makes you think that it's bad for you?"

He flexes his fingers on the counter, staring down at his shoes.

"...I think it's confusing me," he says at last, looking entirely like he wants to disappear and never return.

"If you're disoriented after surfacing, then I can employ further methods to ground you-"

"No. It's not...not that sort of confusion."

Hannibal tilts his head.

Will sighs sharply, annoyed, before speaking again.

"You're the only person who's ever called me 'beautiful', you know that? I mean, I know I'm not terrible to look at but I usually get 'cute' or 'sexy'. No one's ever called me 'beautiful', aside from you."

He runs a hand through his curls, exasperation growing. "And I *know* it's something you're doing for the drop. You call me 'beautiful' and 'perfect' and touch me like that because it puts me under and keeps me under. I know that. It's what I need and you want to give it to me, but..." His gaze stays fixed on the floor, his jaw clenching and unclenching.

"But I think some wires are getting crossed, and I keep thinking that it's something more than that, and it's all so fucking confusing."

Oh.

Hannibal has failed him, in more ways than one.

"Will."

He steps into the other man's personal space, crowding him against the counter. He cups Will's cheek gently, giving him time to retreat. Will's eyes flick up to look at him, flush rising to his face at the sudden intimacy.

"You *are* beautiful. I have never told you a thing during those sessions that wasn't true- my feelings for you included."

Slowly, cautiously, he leans closer. He brushes his lips against Will's- a question awaiting an answer. It makes his pulse flutter madly. He's only kissed Will when he was lucid once- immediately following their first Subspace session. It had been welcomed at the time, such that he entertained the idea of chasing more before losing his nerve. He hopes it will be welcome now.

He doesn't pull away when he speaks, sharing Will's air. "You are so precious to me, Will," he whispers. "If you have ever found cause to doubt that, then it is a crime on my part- one that I take full responsibility for."

Will's eyes flutter closed. The sigh of relief that leaves those perfect lips has Hannibal feeling weak in the knees. It's the unmistakable sound of his boy's worries being soothed. So beautiful, so addictive.

He brings his thumb to sweep along the tempting curve of Will's lower lip, breath catching when they part obediently. "Let me show you how much I care for you, my sweet Will."

Will nods quickly, melting into it when Hannibal rests a palm on his nape and guides him forward. Hannibal sighs when their lips meet again, elated by the touch. Will grips at his forearm, pressing himself closer until Hannibal can feel the quick rise and fall of his chest. The air seems to shift from tender to frantic in the blink of an eye, and before he can do much to temper it Will is licking his way into his mouth, tongue sweeping along his teeth and making him groan. He's trembling in Hannibal's arms, clutching needy fistfuls of his jacket.

"I missed you," Will says, gasping when Hannibal takes him by the hips and pushes him back against the kitchen counter. He ducks his head to mouth hungrily at Will's throat, enjoying the way his flesh hums against his lips as Will continues to speak, words punctuated with small moans and sighs. "The- the whole time I was with Jack, I kept wondering where you were. Why you weren't with me."

"I'm here now, beautiful thing," He murmurs, rising so that the words ghost against Will's ear. Will shudders, pulling him by the lapel to crowd him further. "For as long as you like, I'm here."

The kiss that follows that sentiment is positively famished, like Will has been waiting for months to hear those exact words. Or perhaps simply to believe that Hannibal means them. He's restless as he yanks at Hannibal's clothes, tugging at his jacket until he finally acquiesces and shrugs it off. Will siezes his lower lip between his teeth, sucking it into his own mouth and impatiently pulling on Hannibal's tie. Fingers, shaking despite his best efforts, make their way under Will's flannel, savoring the warm planes of his back. Hannibal scratches along it, not nearly enough to be anything but pleasurable, and traces his way back up his spine. Once the tie is finally free, Will starts fumbling with the buttons of his shirt, clumsy and eager. After a few moments Will huffs in irritation, tightly gripping either side of Hannibal's shirt like he's about to rip it off of him.

"Will," Hannibal breathes between gasps for air. He rests his hands atop Will's, stilling him. Will huffs again, face flushed and pupils blown, and Hannibal can't resist laughing. "Easy, darling. We have all night."

Will balls his hands into fists, pulling him close again by the front of his shirt. It would be generous to call what they share a kiss- more Will crushing their mouths together and forcing his tongue into Hannibal's mouth. Their teeth knock, and Will groans before releasing him. He braces his hands on the counter and hoists himself up, staring at Hannibal with dark, starving eyes as he begins to undo the buttons on his flannel.

"Shut up and get over here," he says, voice low and rough and entirely irresistible. Not that Hannibal even considers resisting.

He catches Will by the jaw, unwilling to ignore those delicious reddened lips. The very moment Will has his shirt unbuttoned Hannibal moves to caress his torso, palms sweeping along his sides and thumbing over his nipples just to feel him gasp against his lips. Will wraps his legs around Hannibal's waist, drawing him nearer until their hips meet. He groans into the kiss, immediately beginning to grind against Hannibal and igniting the blaze under his skin. Will breaks away, panting, to unfasten Hannibal's belt.

"I want you," Will breathes, shoving his hand into Hannibal's slacks and palming at his cock. Hannibal groans at the warm hand wrapping around his length, starting on Will's trousers with frenzied need. Will bites his neck, licking the marks his teeth leave behind. "N-not just for a couple hours a week. I want you all to myself. Just you and me, like you always say, Hannibal. Nothing else exists, just this room."

They both moan when Hannibal brings their cocks together, Will's hips rolling to rub against him. "Keep me, then," Hannibal says, wrapping his hand around their lengths and working

them with steady strokes.

Will tangles a hand in his hair, teeth sinking into the juncture of his neck and shoulder. His other hand grips the edge of the counter, white-knuckled as he rocks to meet Hannibal's movements. For a few minutes the house is silent save for their panting breaths and the sound of flesh against flesh, punctuated but Will's muffled whimpers where he's buried in the crook of Hannibal's neck.

"Hannibal," he half-whines, and Hannibal suddenly realizes that the other man is trembling in his arms. Hannibal shushes him, using his free hand to stroke Will's thigh.

"It's alright," he purrs, slowing his rhythm but not stopping. "I'm here, sweet boy. You can relax. I have you."

Will's shoulders slump, as if all he needed was permission.

"There you are, that's better. You're still on edge from earlier, aren't you?"

Will hesitates from a moment before he nods into his neck, shivering at the almost teasing pace Hannibal is setting.

"Let me look at you, darling. I'd like to see that lovely face."

The grip in his hair loosens, hand falling to clutch at his shoulder. Will pulls away, hips still twitching for more friction. He stares down at Hannibal's hand, watching as if hypnotized as his thumb swipes over the head of Will's cock.

"Will." It's firmer this time. The hand on his thigh squeezes, demanding his attention. Will looks up at him, flustered and needy and altogether the most tempting creature Hannibal's ever laid eyes on.

"That's it," he whispers, drawing near to catch Will in a gentle kiss. Just before their lips meet, he speaks, mouth brushing Will's with familiar words.

"That's my good boy."

Will moans into the kiss, rising both arms to drape lazily around his neck. He isn't fully dropped, but he's dazed enough to take the edge off, at least. Hannibal picks up the pace, digging his fingers into Will's hip as the kiss deepens. Will's legs curl tighter around him, squeezing around him as his moans become higher and more frequent.

"F-fuck, Hannibal," he pants into the hot air between them. "I- mm, I'm close, please don't stop, *please-"*

Hannibal leans to whisper in his ear, delighting at the way Will cries out at the sensation.

"Come for me, beautiful boy."

Will clutches at him as his muscles tense, moaning his name between high keens. His cock throbs and twitches against Hannibal's own, covering both of their lengths in his come. He

shudders, letting his forehead fall against Hannibal's as he gasps for air.

The sight of him falling apart has Hannibal dangerous close already, but Will reaches down and gently bats his hand away, replacing it with his own. Will's warm hand stroking him, slicked by his own spend, has Hannibal unraveling within moments, knees buckling until he's forced to brace himself on the counter. He gives Will a final breathless kiss before falling to rest his head on the other man's shoulder.

A few silent moments pass, and it's a new, very pleasant sort of silence. One that sleeps at their feet, safe and trusting enough to rest between them without fear.

"You're not gonna leave, are you?" Will asks after a fashion. Hannibal looks up at him, still finding his footing. Will chews his lip anxiously.

"Because I want you to stay, if you want to stay."

Hannibal shoots him an easy smile, straightening to fetch a washcloth from Will's kitchen drawer and wet it at the sink. "Of course I'll stay. I told you as much, didn't I? 'For as long as you like', I said- or do you still doubt me?"

Will grins. "No, I believe you."

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"We should start doing sessions at your house."

Hannibal frowns. Will's cheek is pressed to his exposed chest, arm thrown lazily around his waist. He'd been so still, so quiet that Hannibal had assumed he'd fallen asleep.

"If you'd like."

"No one would interrupt, then. And it'd definitely be a lot more comfortable fucking in your bed than in your office- n-not that I don't like fucking in your office."

Will tilts his head up, looking at Hannibal with his chin propped on his pectoral. "We could try more stuff with toys, too, without worrying about someone seeing sex toys in your office."

Hannibal smirks and a flush rises to Will's face. "Um, if you want to incorporate toys, that is."

Hannibal chuckles, carding his fingers into Will's hair. "Whatever you'd like. Although you may prefer to meet here, instead of in Baltimore."

Will furrows his brows.

"If you'd prefer to sleep afterwards, from now on."

Will chews the inside of his cheek, tracing shapeless patterns into Hannibal's chest hair. His shoulders rise and fall noncommittally.

"Will?"

"What do *you* want?" he mutters.

"Your comfort is my highest priority-"

"Stop it."

Hannibal frowns down at him and Will huffs.

"I just...it makes me feel good that you enjoy caring for me. It does. And I like that you want to make me happy."

Big blue eyes flick back up to meet him in the darkness and his heart catches. "But this is something...more, now, isn't it? More than it was, at any rate. I want to make you happy, too. I want to know that you aren't just indulging me."

He crawls up Hannibal's body, hovering above his lips.

"What do you want, Hannibal?"

Hannibal smiles and leans up, kisses him once, twice.

"I want you, Will. As much of you as I can hope to be given. If you rest with me after our sessions, your scent will find itself laced into my sheets, to grace me with your essence even when you're far from me. If I come to you, then I will get the privilege of holding you through the night, and perhaps on occasion, into the morning. I'd prefer the latter, but the former suits me as well."

Will smiles back, nuzzling against his collarbones as he settles once more. His eyes slip closed and he yawns softly.

"Stay with me, then. As long as you want."

Hannibal begins to lazily pet Will's hair. Will's breaths become slow and steady, and Hannibal closes his eyes, simply enjoying the silence.

End Notes

Do you have a Hannigram idea, but don't like to write? Maybe it's something you've seen before but can't get enough of. Drop any prompts in my comment sections or contact me on Tumblr under the same screen name, I might make your request into a fic and credit you!

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!